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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"TODAY FOR ME, TOMORROW DEATH FOR YOU"

At the opening of the Stratford charnel-house in 1880 a skull was thrown out, bearing the inscription *"Hodie mihi, cras tibi."*

"Today for me, tomorrow death for you."
As if through Yorick's lips dead Shakespere spoke
Again, there rise the sickening words that choke
Our aspiration and our wills subdue.
But still the Stratford meadows shine with dew;
The swan of Avon glides with unseen stroke;
The listening sky the elm-tops still invoke;
The rooks are flying, just as once they flew.
Still Nature richly gives, and calmly brave
Asserts to life her immemorial right;
And still from out the poet's stone-bound grave
The hope of life arises, and the light
Of every dawn that floods through choir and nave
Brings radiant immortality from night.

—*Horace Spencer Fiske.*

From "In Stratford and the Plays."

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1917 NUMBER 5

AUTUMN WINDS

O Autumn winds, with voices far away,
I hear you singing on the leafless hills,
And all my heart with jubilation thrills!
You bring to me no message of dismay,
No tender sorrow for the year's decay;
Rather you sing of giant trees that cast
Their leaves aside to grapple with the blast,
Strong and exultant for the stormy fray!

Hearing your music, glad and wild and pure,
Sounding through night's cool, starlit spaces wide,
I grow aweary of earth's paltry lure!
Oh, like the trees, I too would cast aside
The fading leaves of pleasure and of pride,
And stand forth free to struggle and endure!

Harper's for September. —*Effie Smith.*

The *Public* regrets that Mr. LaFollette should have spoken as he did at the St. Paul conference of the National Non-Partisan League, but it says truthfully:

Only in the ears of our witch-burners will Mr. LaFollette's pro-German utterances drown out what was so obviously the voice of the plain people raised in a demand for plain, simple justice.

An Illinois physician sends us the following:

Dear UNITY: Your editorial in issue of September 6th ought to serve as a text in the public schools so the future generation might preserve its balance a little better than now when ninety-five per cent of the people seem to be drunk on "Cheap Patriotism." I believe there never was nor ever will be a just war. The process of construction that has for its object the destruction of the best building materials cannot build well and lastingly. This is a time when people that are fighting for truth need support and encouragement.

"I never open a number of UNITY that a new wave of gratitude does not warm me. I read editorial items and editorial pages with a petition that UNITY's strength shall be renewed day after day. UNITY should go to the war libraries for the boys." Thus writes a Boston reader, one enmeshed in rich Unitarian traditions and inheritances, notwithstanding the Montreal vote referred to elsewhere.

The careful reader of UNITY will discover this week two new names in our list of editorial contributors. One from the far West, the other from the eastern Hub: David Starr Jordan and Charles W. Casson. One the retired head of the great Leland Stanford University and the other the busy pastor of the Unitarian Church at Roslindale, Mass. Dr. Jordan has long since been practically a member of the UNITY staff, but only recently were we presumptuous enough to ask of him the use of his name as a member of the editorial staff of the paper, which has been so much indebted to his creative mind these very many years. The response came with cheering promptness. He said:

I shall be delighted to join your list of editorial contributors. In fact UNITY is about the only journal at present that commands my continuous approval. I think however, the "New Republic" is doing a great deal of good. The "London Nation" on which I bank heavily, is not allowed to come to this country because of the fear of perverting our Balfouristic ideas. I shall send you matter from time to time which you can use as you please.

Of course the cheap bluffs of those who suspend the Constitution in war time are not factors of real importance. Lord Courtney said the other day that "war time is the opportunity for fools." Sincerely yours,

Palo Alto, Calif. DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Mr. Casson writes:

I am in heartiest favor of the plan to enlarge the UNITY constituency. I have always been with you in your breadth of view and sympathy, though never as subscriber and helper. I would like to help because I believe you stand for the big things in religion and democracy. Sincerely yours,

Roslindale, Mass. CHARLES W. CASSON.

"Are the Movies Good for the Health?" is a question discussed in the *Literary Digest* for September 22nd. The conclusion is that generally the air is bad even when the pictures are good. In some of these improvised halls "perfumed disinfectants are sprayed with a cattle sprayer." Flickering films are a menace to the eye. Speeding is bad for the eyes; when the reels are shot through with double normal speed the eye is menaced; and even hardened newspaper critics put two hours as the limit of endurance of the eye. Out of the thousand motion picture theatres of New York City and Brooklyn only eighty-seven were properly ventilated. This discussion deals with the physical conditions alone. Who will make an impartial study of the psychological effect of the movie? A beautiful triumph of science with magnificent educational and spiritual possibilities has been debauched at the outset. The most the censorship called for and accomplished is the elimination of the absolutely vulgar, the obviously vicious; it has not touched the obviously silly, the tiresome nonsense. It is pathetic to think of the multitudes of sensible women and children and a smaller multitude of men who rush to the movies looking for instruction and entertainment. They go for bread and are given sawdust, and instead of fish they are given luke-warm milk and water which in the long run are as indigestible and

as deadly to the intellect and the spirit as the stone and serpent of the New Testament are to the body. Who will redeem the movie and glorify the cinematograph?

Word and Work for October, which is the official bulletin of the American Unitarian Association, in its "Personal Notes" touches tender cords of memory in those who have been in the field through more than the life of a generation. The five deaths of the summer in the ranks of the Unitarian ministers include the names of Dr. Townsend, William H. Ramsey, who for a time did valiant service in the West, and Dr. J. L. Seward, whose ministry reached through the long controversial period of Unitarianism in the East and West. Eight resignations are recorded, including that of Mr. Dansingburg of Kansas City, H. C. Rehm of Colorado Springs, J. A. Kyle of Davenport, Iowa, E. N. Cosgrove of Helena, Mont., K. Oosterhuis of Grand Rapids, Mich., and Francis Watry of Long Beach, Cal. Several of these resignations, we have reason to believe, have been "for conscience sake." Some of these men interpreted the Unitarian message in terms of peace and their constituencies required a more war-like interpretation of the message of the Prince of Peace. From the same source we learn that our neighbor, the Rev. F. A. Gilmore, who for fifteen years led the Unitarian Church in Madison, Wis., has become Field Secretary for the Department of Middle States and Canada with his office in New York City. Bradley Gilman, for many years minister in Canton, Mass., goes to Palo Alto, and the Rev. Charles E. Luck of the Congregational fellowship takes up the work at Lawrence, Kansas. These are restless times for the ministers of religion. Many are confused in their message and hold their positions because of the uncertainties of the sounds they give forth. Others lose their "opportunities" because of the clearness of their vision and the definiteness of their deliverances.

"Studies in Social Progress in the Gospel of the Kingdom" for October is an earnest attempt to bring Moses to the forefront of today as a social leader, a teacher of democracy. The introductory editorial by Dr. James H. Ecob on "How Old Is Democracy?" is reinforced by four Sunday School studies on the general topic, The Social Message of Moses; Israel Enslaved by Autocracy, for October 7; An Industrial Crisis and How It Was Met, for October 14; The Part Religion Played in the Movement for October 21 and Democracy the Outcome, for October 28. Dr. Binder continues these studies by a careful notice on The Social Spirit of the Bible, and a layman, Edward H. Rogers, gives A Workingman's Views of the Resemblance Between Moses and Christ and The Relations of the Church to the People. Dr. Josiah Strong dwelt with fundamental things. His heresy, because it was sociological and not theological, was met by neglect rather than by argument. But his heresy stays, and contrary to the expectation of many of those who felt his influence, it has survived his death. The Advisory Committee, with Rudolph M. Binder as chairman, includes the names of men of national significance in many denominations. Some of these ministers compliment the movement by allowing the use of their names and are hardly to be depended upon in the struggle for social progress, but Dr. Gladden, Bishop Greer, Professors Rauschenbusch, Graham Taylor, Harry F. Ward and H. L. Willett are among the dependable names. This little monthly, published by the American Institute of Social Service, Bible House, Astor Place, New York, is obtainable at fifty cents per annum. We commend it to the attention of the minister over-worked by his pastoral demands. It is worth his while to take time to study the contents of this modest publication even though he must cut out an occasional "pink tea" and "pastoral call" upon the exacting sisters who remind him that "It has been a long time since you have been inside of our house."

Copy must go to the printer before we can read the particulars of the Unitarian conference which was held in Montreal, Canada, last week, but if the report in the daily press is to be trusted ex-President Taft, president of the conference, succeeded in substituting for a resolution offered by John Haynes Holmes, as chairman of the council, looking at the war as grim business and hoping for a solution of the international imbroglio other than by battle conquest, one with an unqualified endoresment of the present war policy of the United States and pledging the support of the denomination to the same. These are the times of strange contradictions. Unitarians, the boasted banner bearers of liberality and progress, the denomination of Channing, in whose study the first peace association in America was organized, fall back to the rear, while the Pope of Rome, head of the most conservative body of Christianity, staves to the front and leads the religious hosts of the world in a struggle for international brotherhood and universal peace. Benedict in the vanguard, President Taft and his little Unitarian band are bringing up the rear. But there are Unitarians and Unitarians. The Montreal conclave was hand-picked, mostly made up of the conservatives, the respectable representatives of the proper and the becoming. They fairly represented, in the matter of War and Peace, the attitude assumed by the American Unitarian Association and the *Christian Register*. They have represented the

characteristic smugness that sometimes goes with some of the "blue blood of Massachusetts." But there are other Unitarians, the spiritual successors of Channing, Parker, James Freeman Clarke, Charles Sumner, Julia Ward Howe and its major prophet Emerson, who are trying to keep up with the nineteenth century. The Unitarian faith in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, the continuous revelation and the ever widening sanctities will go on from conquering to conquer. The future has a large place for it, but the Unitarian "denomination"—well, it will tag along after and keep in sight—and generally within hailing distance of the advance.

The action of the University Regents of the State University of Minnesota in dismissing summarily, and apparently without a hearing or trial, Professor Schaper from the head of the Department of Political Economy is another humiliating blow at academic freedom. That it should come from the new state of Minnesota makes it the more humiliating and surprising. Minnesota has achieved its giant strength from the polyglot character of its people. Europe has been creamed to people Minnesota. Professor Schaper was an honorable product of the cosmopolitan life of the West. He was born in Wisconsin, receiving his early education under rural conditions, a graduate of the River Falls Normal, then of the University of Wisconsin, with later academic honors from Columbia and Berlin. For a short time he was teacher at the Hillside Home School in Wisconsin, one of the principals of which was his teacher in his youthful days. Professor Goldwin Smith left the boasted freedom of English universities when Cornell began its existence and accepted a professorship in that infant university because in America he thought real academic freedom could be established, but now here is a beloved professor, who for sixteen years has commanded the respect of his students and his far flown colleagues from ocean to ocean, dismissed for opinion's sake, and his department is that of Political Science. Professor Schaper's patriotism has not been impugned, his loyalty to his country can be challenged only by those who put a dogmatic interpretation upon the word. Will the Board of Regents of the University of Minnesota declare to the world what is orthodox in the realm of Political Science? Is Science a creature, the conclusions of which are to be determined by warlike conditions and changed by military boards or battlefield exigencies? But it will not do to mistake the Board of Regents for the State of Minnesota or to overestimate the domination of its University, commendable as that institution is, over the free minds of the citizens of the State of Minnesota, the international origin of which strengthens and clarifies their nationality. The real State University of Minnesota has its registration on election days.

Mr. Hoover has been warning the business men at their recent meeting in Atlantic City that if they do not watch out and play the game patriotically, socialism and other attendant evils will be forthcoming. Dear Mr. Hoover does not realize that at the present time he is the most effective and urgent socialistic leader in the United States. The very essence of his mission is to socialize the resources of the country and subordinate the individual interests to those of the community. It matters little what his theories may be, perhaps he is all the more an effective socialist because he refuses to enroll in the Socialist party. But he is leading the forces that are nationalizing wealth, assuming federal control of the great utilities and the monopolies that are indispensable. Aye, his fundamental lessons of economy, his determination to persuade industrial forces to heed his requests and when necessary to enforce thrift, to suppress waste, to conscript superfluities of life and life's resources for military purposes, all represent a tremendous stream of forces rushing towards a democracy more profound, consistent and far-reaching than has ever yet been in the dreams, much less in the realizations, of the executive and law making powers of the Federal Union. It is shallow consolation that these leaders rest in the assurance that all this is only to be "during the war," that "military necessity" is the sole justification. They are teaching a lesson more profound than war needs. Some things born out of the turbulence of war will prove themselves so fraught with common sense, justice and high morality that they will stay. Mr. Hoover and his fellows may be building better than they know, and some future day they may say with Luther, "If I had known what this reformation was coming to I would never have touched it." What is true in the United States is unquestionably true in all the European nations. A London correspondent in the *Congregationalist* says:

> The war has carried England a long step in the direction of commercial ownership of industry—railways, ships, food and many other necessaries are now under governmental control—but we are moving fast towards a new socialization of things, moving almost unconsciously and under the pressure of war's imperative needs. Whether individualism will recover its lost ground remains to be seen. A haze obscures the whole future, and to speculate is almost idle. Everything hinges on the peace conditions, and on securing such a peace that armaments become a negligible matter. In no pagan sense one can say that all things are on the knees of the gods.

The London correspondent of the *Congregationalist* for September 20 gives some news of Dr. Joseph Fort Newton's work in the City Temple in London which will interest many UNITY readers. It is interesting to

note how at least two denominations claim Mr. Newton, who has guarded his independency so vigilantly. In America the Unitarians like him, the Universalists claim him, and, according to this paper, the American Congregationalists are deeply interested in his ministry at the City Temple, which it calls the Cathedral of Congregationalism. Climate and war bread, with intense heat and interludes of drenching rain have dealt harshly with the physical Newton. He says he has lost twenty pounds since he arrived in London but spiritually and intellectually he is reported as vigorous. There is an implication that there is an absence of the old passion in preaching which characterized his predecessors. We are told that "Like Mr. Campbell he is appealing to the highbrows—especially to people with literary affinities." We are told that Dr. Newton was the first to recognize the significance of H. G. Wells's new religious bias and he welcomed "God, The Invisible King," as "a reinforcement for the Christian apologetic, though Mr. Wells himself repudiates the idea that he has become a Christian." We are glad to note that Mr. Newton is not repeating Mr. Campbell's mistake of preaching three times a week and that the management has furnished him an assistant in the person of Miss Maude Royden, "a Church of England lady with spiritual genius of a quite unmistakable quality and a gift of utterance trained on the suffragist platform." She is to preach once a week and to attend to pastoral work. Although unordained, Dr. Newton "sees no reason why she should not administer the sacraments." This is going pretty fast for London, is it not? The correspondent calls it "a daring experiment," but "the shortage in ministers" caused by the war may draw upon the women. There are two or three women preachers heard in "important churches" in Scotland now. A woman theological student has taken the prize at New College but a college principal shrinks from "entrusting the sacraments, funerals and weddings to women and doubts whether young men would open their hearts to a woman minister as they do to men ministers." One would think this would be the least of the dangers. This correspondent foresees "the sudden rise of a race of women preachers in the Baptist and Congregational churches of Great Britain" and is disposed to think that when the women get a footing they manage to stay. They have lost no ground that they have won during the war. The "experiment" now being tried in England was won in America twenty-five years ago. At least so far as the Unitarian and Universalist ministry are concerned, there has been a triumphant vindication of the woman preacher.

Spiritual Arteriosclerosis

The hardening of the arteries is a familiar mark of old age, an unquestioned sign of degeneracy, the symptoms of which are becoming very familiar even to the nonprofessional. The pathological consequences of the hardening of the arteries is the increasing of the heart load. The pump that never has a rest from the cradle to the grave is taxed to such an extent that at last it proves inadequate to supply the brain with its necessary stimulus and from sheer weariness life grows imbecile and then ceases.

We are not concerned with the physical malady, but Emerson said long ago that the laws below are twin sisters to the laws above. There is a spiritual hardening of the arteries that brings on parallel symptoms, viz., retarded brain activities, apathy of conscience and stolidity of will. Unlike the physical malady the spiritual disease is contagious and becomes a social symptom. Communities are rendered unresponsive, churches grow torpid and religion becomes conventional simply because the tides of red blood, life-making forces, are diverted in other directions, or the flow retarded for other reasons, many of them easily discovered. The ultimate calamities of this war lie not in the slaughter of the most promising elements of humanity, the breaking of home ties, the devastation of hearthstones and the obvious confusion and waste of all the activities of civilization, but they lie in the debauching of ideals, the stupefaction of conscience, the confusion of intellect and the unconscious Phariseeism of religion brought about by this lowering of ideals, the suspension for the time being of the spiritual code, which is rooted in the thought of God, the contrition for sin, the Christly demand of love to all men and under all conditions.

The saddest war mobilization achieved by the war lords in this country is the mobilization of the church, the militarizing of its ministers, the application of a deadening muffler that is put upon our pulpits. Ministers who two years ago were vigilant for peace, responsive to all the high arguments of the great pacifists from the prophets of Jewry, through Jesus, down to Hugo Grotius, Kant, Channing and Emerson have passed through a period of silence and are emerging into an unblushing endorsement of war. They have converted our churches largely into recruiting stations and preachers who still pray for peace, exploit Liberty Bonds on Sunday from the altar. Women ease their consciences by knitting. High school girls are photographed in the daily papers as having a giggling jolly time over their knitting because they are doing their "bit" to help along the war, little thinking how their "bit" hardens their arteries, brings about a social sclerosis that overtaxes the heart of society until at last the mind grows weary

of problems, the conscience is stupefied, and instead of shame there comes a shallow enthusiasm, the love of man gives way to the narrowing love of country and the piety kindled with the thought of the divine fatherhood and a real human brotherhood shrinks into a "patriotism" that gloats over the exaggerations of the faults of the "enemy" and winks at the degradations, greed and bitterness of one's own country.

When preachers rejoice in the suppression of free speech and cheer the coarse rhetoric of the "patriot" who delights in ridiculing earnest men and honest women, in impugning the motives of devout scholars and sincere lovers of law and order, the degeneracy of the social arteries is far and varied and the action of the religious heart has become seriously impaired.

Vacation Reading

What splendid companionship the Irish people offer in the shade during dog days. Poor Ledwidge! Last year Dunsany as Colonel, introducing his Lance Corporal in his first book of poems, closed by saying that "his future books were on the knees of the gods." A dispatch last July announced the death on the firing line of this young Irish lad who fled his city job, walked thirty miles in the night that he might be again with his blackbirds. Alas his books will ever "remain on the knees" of the cruel gods, the wicked gods, the profane gods of war.

The papers tell us that W. M. Letts is an English woman. She must be an Irish woman, an own sister of Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Moira O'Neill and James Stevens. Her "Songs from Leinster" (David McKay) are so charming, so full of wit and tenderness, that we know not whether to laugh or to cry. W. B. Yeats's anthology, "A Book of Irish Verse" (Methuen & Co.) was a new mine to work. His own three little dramas, "The Hour Glass," "Cathleen Ni Hoolihan" and "A Pot of Broth," are inimitable. If there is any finer exposition of Irish wit and blarney than that displayed in "The Pot of Broth," commend it to us.

But all the wit is not Irish and humor is not all Celtic. The name Guiterman does not suggest Dublin or Cork, but his "Laughing Muse" (Harper Bros.) contains as much frolicsome humor and innocent wit to the page as any book of our summer reading.

"Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a title that at once offends and stimulates your imagination. Here are seventeen brand new poets, all having come to light during the reign of the present "Royal Highness." "What did he ever do to deserve such distinction?" said the Editor. "Yes," answered Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, "and they are leaving poor Edward out altogether." When we come to the Victorian poets the title has significance. But in this collection appear the names of Lasalle Abercrombie, Walter de La Mare and Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, the three comrades and the legatees of Rupert Brooke's copyright income, which we are told has proved a comfortable endowment to these young poets in these stormy times.

All of them were vacation companions to the Editor, but Gibson became the most intimate poet companion of the summer. Five out of the six books published in America have been read, every line of them. Perhaps the touch of his own personality enjoyed at the Lincoln Centre on the eve of vacation, his modesty in interpreting his own poems, the delicate emphasis given to the rhyme and the rhythm, the sympathetic tone, helped us to understand and appreciate the wit and subtle meaning of these poems, the insight that enabled him to see the uncommon in the common, to find romance in the commonplace, the democracy that reached to the heart of things. In his prelude to "Fires" we find the secret of his inspiration and the value of his poetry. In twenty-four swinging lines he gives a rhapsody of the fire stirred to "flame fantastically fair" in his study, until "dazzled by the drowsy glare" he shuts his eyes—

> And saw, in sudden night,
> Crouched in the dripping dark,
> With steaming shoulders stark,
> The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.

This appreciation of the hero and heroine in the mine, the shop, on the sea and in the sailor's home is what makes these poems a real contribution to sociology before they are discerned to be unquestioned contributions to literature. Here has come again the story teller in rhyme and meter. When we remember how much Whittier and Longfellow and Tennyson gave to the world in the shape of stories, we realize that another story teller is due, and we welcome him in Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Were it not that our vacation is too short for the purpose we would be glad to review in detail each of the five books which have been interlined, underscored and cross referenced as a part of our vacation rest.

Horace Spencer Fiske, better known as an interpreter and a teacher of literature than a creator, has chosen quality to quantity and deserves a permanent place in American poetry by his "Sonnets on Shakespere," of which there are sixteen, beautifully printed and faced each one of them with a striking picture of some famous actor or actress. The sonnet is the most difficult form of poetic composition and it is justified only by exquisite construction. These sonnets are poetic cameos, every line counts, and there are no blurs; Shylock, Richard III, Anthony, Brutus, Lady Macbeth, Othello, Lear, Hamlet and the others. No Shakespere collector should be without this little volume, exqusite in form, searching in its interpre-

tation, bespeaking the insight and appreciation of Mr. Fiske, who must be included in any worthy list of current American poets.

"THINK PEACE," is the title of a slender little story scarcely to be dignified with the name of book. It can be read in half an hour, but the title is enough to justify it. It is short work to prove that in great affairs of nations and internationalities the old law holds good,—"THE THOUGHT IS FATHER TO THE DEED." To think peace under trying circumstances, to think peace when surrounded by belligerent preachers and when breathing an atmosphere of religious cant and half-heartedness, is in itself a big triumph. This little story has a very big meaning, and Abe Cory, the author, and the Standard Publishing Company of Cincinnati, are justified in giving it this simple but attractive setting.

Charity Dye was one of the Indianapolis institutions through a heroic generation in the life of that city. During those years she was a teacher of English and history in the high schools of the city. She has put her mark upon many thousand children and through her public spirit and progressive ideas she became a power in the state.

It was most fitting that when Indiana came to its centennial celebration Charity Dye should call the roll of "Indiana's Torch-Bearers," and a right goodly roll it is. In the realms of industry, education, religion, patriotism, journalism, science, art and letters Indiana hath wrought nobly and her workers have found in Charity Dye a competent interpreter. This book of three hundred and thirty pages, published at 1134 Broadway, Indianapolis, is an edifying book, one that will reward the reader far beyond the boundaries of the Hoosier state. It is hard to resist calling the roll in the columns of UNITY, but there are too many of them, reaching from Robert Dale Owen to Whitcomb Riley, from John Hay to the Studebakers, David Starr Jordan to Dr. Wiley. It is a good book for high school children, their parents and their pastors.

Of course there was the inevitable intrusion of the daily papers, the weekly roll of exchanges from the Chicago office and the insidious temptation of the monthly magazine. We did read the war articles in the *Atlantic Monthly,* even before the angered subscriber demanded it of us, but these compulsions of our rest time were minimized by the splendid preoccupation with the books, partially enumerated in this reminiscence of one more beautiful summer spent in the resthaven of Tower Hill. J. LL. J.

If your Christianity is not vigorous enough to help save this country and the city in which you live, it is not vigorous enough to do anything towards saving you. *Charles H. Parkhurst.*

Browning's Message

A STUDY CLASS INTRODUCTION

Notwithstanding the difficulties that students have in their first study of the work of Robert Browning, their number has increased fourfold in the last twenty-five years. The world now has the London Browning Society, the Boston Browning Society, New York also, and Chicago has its classes founded thirty-five years ago and led by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Many small towns have their little circles of enthusiastic readers, and now our own city has besides the regular work of the university its Browning Study Club.

Many who have commenced the study have felt that Browning's work was a closed book to them. There is a reason for this. I think there is no longing more difficult to reach nor more universal than the desire for expression. We are veiled from each other. Our best thought, our highest conceptions, our ideals refuse to materialize into words. Browning felt this to an extreme degree. His central thought shaded off into conceptions of his theme which he tried to express in parentheses, frequently thrown in to convey the finer meaning. This made involved sentences, difficult to follow excepting where close study had developed the student up to holding continuous thought with all its shadings. Had Browning been more limited in his thought he might have been clearer in his style. For myself I have reached the best results, in studying for the main outline of his theme, taking what I may as I go along, ignoring what is not clear to me. If we stop to untie knots and unravel perplexities we lose (in a measure at least) the central thought. Being unable first then to untie the knot or unravel the perplexity, the student loses the central thought and becomes discouraged and gives it all up, much to his own loss. Usually anything which we can get at a glance has not much to give. To illustrate, students who aspire to becoming artists attempt to step from the ground to the top round of the ladder. They try to take at once what the advanced artist has accomplished through years of study. The methods of a thorough academic course soon disillusion him. He is directed to make a large outline *only* of the head, from the cast before him, giving the pose and the general character of the head. *That only* and he has his hands full with that. After many studies he takes features separately and in due time he may try to put main outline and features together. All this applies to such literature as we are studying.

Now life represented by the human face and figure and life represented by Browning or any great author are very much alike, complex and difficult. Get the main thought in large outline and find your delight in expanding appreciation. In music, painting, sculpture, literature the artist is never satisfied. He has failed to express himself fully. Through all his difficulties of expression the thought of God and of the immanence of God are ever present in all Browning's work.

Rabbi Ben Ezra is a notable example; has already become a classic. It is one of the first to appeal to the student. I quote a few lines from various parts:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;

Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all nor be afraid!"

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the worlds coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount.

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Again with a glance into the future toward which we are all looking, he says:

All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure;
What entered into thee
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

To lives set to a minor key these words carry a cheering note. To lonely or burdened lives they carry a royal companionship.

Therefore to whom turn I?

In the pitch and toss of life he makes its dusty highways lead us up into the mountain heights of courage, trust and hope, and spreads broader views of life's ocean at each step of the climb.

His panacea for life's ills is to press forward, ever upward and onward, that out of its defeats and failures may grow its greatest successes. Again let him speak for himself:

We fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

He is eminently a poet of faith and trust. Again he speaks:

Greet the unseen with a cheer.

In Abt Vogler, in which we find an interpretation of life in the language of music, in which the musician finds satisfying expression of his hopes, his highest aspirations, his ideals of life, we feel as we read that Browning in this speaks for himself when he says:

But God had a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome:
'Tis we musicians know.
But here is a finger of God, a flash of the will that can.

Again quote,

"Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee!"

For me "Saul" is the greatest religious poem in modern or in any literature. An analysis of the poem is not possible within the limits of a short paper. At a glance at its meaning we find that pride and ambition for great achievements in wars of conquest, Saul's desire and reaching out after material gains, had deadened his higher nature and he sank into despair under his failures and defeats.

In David's loving efforts to help him he awakened the divine within himself and he saw that only a soul awakening in Saul could restore him. He had done all he could for him and that God's love alone could restore him. *Love,* the divine spirit in the human heart, he must find, and to it he must respond.

Leaving him he said:

O Saul, it shall be
A face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!
See the Christ stand.

Browning saw through sympathetic eyes the sorrow, the suffering, the misery and cruelty that attends life and *he was an optimist,* for he saw through, over and beyond it all the divine hand, the God implanted divinity in the human that surely triumphs. Read "Apparent Failure." I quote a stanza:

My own hope is, a sun shall pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once proved accurst.

In all his work we read between the lines. Perhaps we may read into it what he had not thought and *that* is the best of all. He has succeeded best who has stirred the pools of thought and soul development in others to Creative life.

Seattle, Wash. LOUISE M. DUNNING.

LEISURE.

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep and cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like stars at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

—*William H. Davies.*

FOUNTAIN SONG

I am the sprite of the fountain;
Sprung from the gloom am I,
Out of the womb of the mountain,
Big with the kiss of the sky.
I am the fugitive glory
Singing the strong soul's story;
Twinkling, tinkling, glad to be
Out of the prison of earth set free;
Dancing, mad with the cosmic tune,
Laughing under the stars and moon—
Back to the ocean soon!

Back to the sky and back to the sea—
Oh, I was a prisoner long!
But the love of the vast was strong in me;
I fed on the dream of the strong.
And there, while the slow gloom chained the deed,
I wrought my vision of silvery speed;
And out of the dread hush round about
I fashioned a gladsome victor-shout!
Sister of wave and cloud am I,
And the world grows green as I pass by—
Back to the sea and sky.

—*John G. Neihardt.*

THE PULPIT

Victory; Nature's Triumph Over Death and Decay

An After-Vacation Sermon Preached September 25, 1917, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON

Father make us glad that we are here; glad in the communion of souls; glad in the inspirations of Thy providence; glad in the revealments of silence; glad in the hope that cannot be cast down, in the trust that the Lord reigneth and that his reign is the reign of love, that his law is the law of peace. Father, make us glad of the fellowship of the nations, of the sympathies of religions, the co-operation of thought, the fellowship of mind. Father, make us glad that we are here to take on new tasks and pledge our fealty to the old. Father, help us here to keep the light burning that is set on a hill. Help us, Father, to be thy children and to worship in thy temple not made with hands.—Amen.

What sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel. My way is hid from Jehovah, and the justice due to me is passed away from my God? Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard? The everlasting God, Jehovah, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary; there is no searching of his undertsanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait for Jehovah shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

—*Isaiah XL;* 27-31.

Cosmically speaking this is a turbulant world into which we are cast. A boiling, bubbling, tumbling story is the story of the earth upon which we live. Earthquakes and volcanoes, tornadoes and tempests, subsidences and upheavals enter into the geological history of our world. And the story of the earth is paralleled by the story of human life on this globe. The story of the race is the story of wars and quarrels, bloodshed, rapine, riot; the story of tyrannies, cruelties and robbery without end. The story of the race is the story of struggle, base, low physical struggle. Read superficially it is the story of the survival of the unfit; brawn not brain shines on the battlefield. Surely the story of each life is filled with disappointment and bereavement, it is flooded with tears, it is marred with groans. Nature it would seem is indeed "red in tooth and claw." The poet knew what he was talking about when he wrote,

From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are gone;
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death;
The spirit does but mean the breath;
I know no more." And he, shall he,

. . . . . .

Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

But this old world of ours has been rolling through uncounted eons towards and into the light. The long career of earth is a movement out of sterility into fertility, out of rugged barrenness into beauty. Life on this globe has been ever and forever rising. The process has been one of refinement; gentleness has taken the place of violence and the dove has supplanted the vulture. The clawed and horned and armored animals have given way to the triumphant dove. Even the animals have learned the lessons of reason, love and co-operation.

My text which says that *men shall renew their strength, shall mount up with wings as eagles, shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint,* is born out of the darkest period in the history of Israel. It is a triumphant note in the opening chapters of the book which reaches the high water mark of Biblical prophecy. The "Great Unknown" poet, the author of the last chapters of the book of Isaiah lived in the grievous days when Jerusalem was dismantled and Israel deported. Her children had hung their harps on the willow trees on the banks of the far off river, hundreds of miles away from the temple city of Jerusalem which it had implicitely believed was the chosen city of God, the sacred city of the one true Lord.

And still by the rivers of Babylon, with clouds o'er hanging the landscape, this poet prophet, child of vision, sang the triumphant song of victory which I have read to you. No wonder that his name is lost. I have a suspicion that he must needs seek the oblivion that was given him. Perhaps he did not dare give his name. He would have been written down a traitor, an enemy of the dominant power, a "copperhead." But they could not chain his mind even though his limbs were fettered; his song was of the time when men could rise with wings.

This gives me the word I would this morning give to you in the interest of the cause that has called us together.

Victory! Victory is allied to the goddess Victoria of the Roman Pantheon. This rather coarse and composite figure of Roman mythology is allied to the nobler creation of Greek imagination, the "Nike," the goddess of victory to which Greek art and philosophy has given wings. You will remember the work of Agoracritus, the Greek that is interpreted as the Goddess of Victory loosening her sandal that she might be the freer to use her wings. Oh, it is a long, long process by which man rose from his "all-fours" on to his "all-twos." The erect position was won at a great cost and fingers and hands with which to work were obtained at considerable physical sacrifice. Oh, it was a hard, hard battle when man having assuumed his upright position, stayed in this inhospitable world. Winter frosts pinched him, summer suns burned him, beasts of prey arrayed themselves against him, the forests and the streams yielded to him reluctant and meagre provision. Slowly but surely did this unprotected, unarmed, defenseless man triumph over the savage beasts, and inhospitable climates. He wrung from reluctant earth a more and more abundant support. He fought and won his way into the mastership of the world, the conquest of creation.

Take a sufficiently long measuring line and man's story is one continuous story of a triumphal march, an ascending victory. The point I would like to make

this morning is that he has ascended by means of his wings and not by his claws. He has risen into the upper air not by the use of weapons but by the use of brains.

Let me count one, two, or three sets of wings by which man has risen with which he has conquered. There is much philosophy and condensed history found in the mythology of the world. I like increasingly the story of Adam and Eve. The less I believe in the fallen man the more I believe in the rising Adam; the less I believe in that wicked woman who introduced sin and death into the world the more I believe in that splendid woman who shook the tree of knowledge and gathered the apples therefrom and gave Adam to eat thereof. That is what has brought us here. The first wings that helped man rise out of the realm of the brute and the tyranny of the flesh is thought,—knowledge. He has eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. He has grown strong by feeding on the apples of investigation,—call it what you will. If we call it by its modern name we will call it science. The desire to know, the determination to think, the investigating power are the wings by which man has risen through art in all its phases, music, sculpture, painting and architecture, through the material triumphs all the way from the wooden plow to the tractor and all which it involves. Brains, thought, not brawn; knowledge not submission, are the wings upon which man is ever rising into the realms of the Divine.

We will pick up another set of wings in the mythological Pandora, the receiver of all gifts, as the name implies. Pandora was entrusted with all the blessings of life in a box. But she could not resist the temptation to know what was in that box. She is the Greek Eve. She did not shake the tree and bring down the apples; but she lifted the lid and out there flew all the blessings and curses innumerable. Happily she shut down the lid in time to keep in one blessing, the greatest, and that was Hope. Hope remained for her and having that she held the future in trust. Having Hope she had a mortgage on the resources of life. You will recall that this story inspired the mystic figure of Watts. That which is now called Hope, perhaps he did not give to it a name. It is a bound figure, broken, bowed, blindfolded, helpless. She holds her harp in her hand, all its strings are broken save one, and she listens to the melody of that one string left to her help and that string is Hope. Here is the second set of wings upon which man has triumphed over the world. What is the use of trying to imprison an animal that has hope, what is the use of trying to shoot and kill a nation that has hope? What is the use of trying to browbeat a soul or threaten a mind that still hopes? The resources of the Eternal wait upon the hoping spirit. The forward-looking, the upward-looking slave is superior and has a larger part in the economy of the world than the enthroned and encrowned tyrants whose credentials are in the past and whose claims are in the present, to whom the future is blank monotony, a black desert.

There is another set of wings by which man has risen out of his brute origin and is still rising into his celestial relationship, and that is Love. Love, the love that was born in the dove's nest, the love that was born deep in the jungle where elephants learned to protect one another. The love that is found so highly developed in the colony of beavers, who make common cause in the interest of the feeble and the dependent. The love that brings master beavers out of their hiding places when the cry of woe is heard from any of their kind. Love that makes the cry of distress a summons to all the pigs of the yard to rally together and to resist a common foe. That love that finds extension in co-operation, that love that hides itself in associations, that love that confesses to kinship with remote beings, makes us brothers with those on the other side of the globe, makes friends of foes and discovers kinship across the wicked lines of trench and barbed wire protection.

It is by love that man has triumphed and by love man's progress is to be secured. By love is he to rise above the brute and to lay aside the wicked methods of hate. Aye, the poet who sang of the man who should renew his strength, who should mount up with wings as the eagle, should run and not be weary, should walk and faint not, thought of the triumphs of sympathy, the triumph of those who live "above the battle." The winged song will not lend itself in its maximum to the aeroplane in battle, but it carries a wireless message of love and brotherhood around the world. In the lowest depths of ocean is laid the cable that throbs with human sympathy, binding the nations together. Kipling translates its message to us, "Let us be one! Let us be one!"

An after-vacation sermon ought to have something of the country in it. I have been on the Tower Hillside for over two months. Tower Hill once harbored rattlesnakes; there may be some left but we do not find them any more. The catamount, the bear and the American tiger loved those bluff retreats. They are gone. But the man who went to open our cottage the day before we were to arrive found to his surprise on the walk in front of "Westhope Cottage" a dainty wild deer, hundreds of miles away from the haunts where the deer are still supposed to remain. Slowly and surely that timid animal with cloven hoofs, which is a sign of no devil, had come back to his old haunts, with the instincts born out of experience, he came trusting the loving qualities of that community.

My little herd of a dozen sheep, when permitted to roam over Tower Hill, loved to abandon their sleeping quarters on the off side of the hill, and to come and lie around our cottage door. When they were satisfied with grazing and wanted to sleep they came up and slept in front of my door.

Let that symbol of fraternity, born out of love, indicate the road upon which the race is to win its future victory. These then are the wings of the spiritual,—aeroplanes, bi-planes, tri-planes,—what shall we call them?

Knowledge, science, the desire to know, hope! hope! hope! The determination to struggle and strive and to expect better things. And lastly love, sympathy, co-operation, gentleness, unarmed gentleness, are destined to conquer the world.

Christianity that boasts nineteen hundred years of loyalty to him whom they call the Prince of Peace is tardily coming to its own. When the Pope, representative of the most conservative form of Christianity, dares negotiate for peace as against war, he puts Christianity on the advance line; it becomes a vidette, guarding the outpost of the conquering column. Let our boasted Protestantism beware lest it may find

itself in the rear of the Christian column led by one who is establishing his right to the title of the Vice-regent of God on earth. I am not bothered with details. I do not care how or what the adjustment will be. Glad I am that the adjustment is coming along the lines indicated by a high representative of religion.

The editor of a leading philosophical journal in England, the vehicle of the best and latest thought in matters of religion, has recently been asking for an *ad interim* religion, a cessation of sympathy and brotherliness, and recommends for the time being a religion that will suspend the demands of love and give way to the logic of hate, pushing it to its maximum until an enemy is crushed and a foe defeated. Then he would call up Christianity again. There was something said of the Pharisee as a hypocrite in the Bible—you will remember it. I do not care to apply it.

But I do believe that these wings by which man has risen from his lowly estate are still effective. They are going to work

> Till the war-drums throbb'd no longer, and
> the battle flags were furl'd
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation
> of the world.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one
> increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widen'd with
> the process of the suns.

And I will still

> . . . trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
>
> That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete;
>
> That not a worm is cloven in vain;
> That not a moth with vain desire
> Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
> Or but subserves another's gain.

Friends, I am back with you again and I am glad to greet so many of you. We are camping on the old camp ground today. We are taking up the old, old job. For thirty-five years it has been entrusted in our hands. All Souls Church allied with Abraham Lincoln Centre is here to do some more thinking. Its message is to think! think! think! and still continue to think. Nothing within the reach of the chemist's laboratory or the astronomer's observatory, nothing within the reach of the higher art, nothing hid in ancient tombs or resting in the archives of old time museums but what are guide posts to this time. We stand committed to fearlessly investigate all the problems of time and eternity, of heaven and hell. We are pledged to free thought which involves free speech and free everything. And we are here to hope! hope! hope! still hoping for bigger things than we have ever yet realized; more audacious dreaming than ever before is ours. We are here to face the future. Men may come and men may go but hope secures immortality to church or center that is committed to it.

And lastly, we are going to love, to love everybody, to love even the hateful foes until we love them out of their hatefulness, we will hug them out of their malignancy, we will kiss them into submission.

We are here to continue the work of the Parliament of Religions, to invite the faiths of the world into our fellowship and to declare even now for the unbroken brotherhood.

An enterprising newspaper down town sent a reporter to interview me yesterday to know whether I had recanted my pacifism. He said I had been so reported. And I said, "No, not until I renounce my loyalty to Jesus. Not until I renounce my faith in the Almighty, not while I am committed to 'promote truth, righteousness and love in the world,' not until I cease to believe in an advancing brotherhood and in the real Fatherhood of God."

I am back on my job and ask your co-operation on these high lines of seeking truth, of embodying it in new activities, making it the benediction of an ever growing love.

One of the books that interested me much this summer was "The Biography of a Super-Tramp," by William H. Davies, who now stands acknowledged as a gifted poet of high rank. His works are sought for on both sides of the ocean. This book shows how he served an apprenticeship in this country of ours as a tramp. He lost one foot in trying to steal a ride to Alaska, but he kept something inside of him that answers for wings. These lifted him out of sordidness into vision, out of sorrow into joy, out of weakness into strength. Let him bring my message to you this morning.

> Man is a bird:
> He rises on fine wings
> Into the heaven's clear light;
> He flies away and sings—
> There's music in his flight.
>
> Man is a bird:
> In swiftest speed he burns,
> With twist and dive and leap;
> A bird whose sudden turns
> Can drive the frightened sheep.
>
> Man is a bird:
> Over the mountain high,
> Whose head is in the skies,
> Cut from its shoulder by
> A cloud—the bird-man flies.
>
> Man is a bird:
> Eagles from mountain crag
> Swooped down to prove his worth;
> But *now* they *rise* to drag
> Him down from Heaven to earth!

I welcome you back to this church home and solicit your co-operation in another year's work in the interest of thought and hope and love.

Father touch us with new love, strengthen with fresh hopes, guide us with the growing light Father, that we may grow more and more worthy of our parentage.—Amen.

> Let dead names be eternalized by dead stone,
> Whose substance time cannot increase nor mar;
> Let living names by living shafts be known,
> That feel the influence of sun and star.
> Plant thou a tree, whose griefless leaves shall sing
> Thy deed and thee, each fresh unfolding spring.
>
> —*Edith M. Thomas.*

Let men know by your deeds who were your ancestors. *Old Shinto Maxim.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Emerson

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

XXXI.

The New Catholicism; Gropings Toward Organization Across Denominational Lines

"Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?"—Malachi ii:10.

Motto of the Parliament of Religions.

After seven years voyage around the globe we find ourselves in a confusion of Protestant sects. We see how Christianity has had to get outside of the church in order to be Christian, and find hopeful signs that slowly and surely the ethical and emotional sense is climbing over walls, knocking down partitions and bringing the world together.

Statistics for 1915 show that in the United States there are about a hundred and seventy different kinds of Christian organizations. Those having made gains within the last twenty-five years are:

Catholics (3 bodies).
Methodists (16 bodies).
Baptists (15 bodies).
Lutherans (20 bodies).
Presbyterians (12 bodies).
Disciples of Christ (2 bodies).
Episcopal, Protestant (2 bodies).
Reformed (4 bodies).
Eastern Orthodox (7 bodies).
Latter-Day Saints (2 bodies).
United Brethren (2 bodies).
Evangelical (2 bodies).
Friends (4 bodies).
Brethren, Dunkards (4 bodies).
Adventists (6 bodies).

Luther struck for freedom and struck hard and as his departure was largely ethical and intellectual, so the leaders in denominational separations have protested for conscience sake on questions of doctrine, philosophy, church government, etc. But such protests have resulted in a sad multiplication of organizations and a debilitating waste of human energies. Yet gradually the thought has been growing that while Christians may not find it easy to worship together there are a lot of things they can do together.

The first striking attempt in orthodox circles was the Y. M. C. A. In 1844 George Williams, a draper's assistant in London, realizing the difficulties of a young man without home relations in keeping himself pure and in touch with good and true things, in a quiet way invited some young men to meet together once a week for social contact on high lines. Such a work was so obvious a necessity that it spread like wildfire wherever the English language was spoken. A parallel movement started independently in Germany but later they found each other and united in the world wide organization of today. In 1869 the Y. M. C. A. had its battle royal in Portland, Oregon. The question came up as to who was eligible for membership. The conservative forces led by Dwight Moody voted for an evangelical condition of membership on the ground that it was an instrument of the church. A Unitarian delegate pled for a more open basis of fellowship, that, while not evangelical, Unitarian young men needed such a movement and could help in it. The conservatives won out, doubtless to the executive strength of the Y. M. C. A. but to its intellectual debility. For the many great and good things done it commands our respect and admiration, but a certain arrogance and complacency is to be deplored. The parallel of this work is found in that of the Y. W. C. A.

The W. C. T. U., not so potent at the present time, has been a great power. It laid hold of just one reform, and unlike so many feminine organizations, held its own and paved the way for a larger work not confined to women. In Frances Willard the movement had a remarkable leader, a woman whose work so chastened and broadened her that when she died she was on the advance line not only of temperance, but the social evil, the fight against tobacco, the work for child protection, civic reforms and political exposures. She is the only woman who has a place in Statuary Hall, Washington.

The Christian Endeavor Movement, inaugurated in 1881 by Francis E. Clark, a Congregational minister in Maine, was in its inception an attempt to make a place in church and social activities for the adolescent boy and girl, an opportunity for young people to work and play together with a church environment. It afterwards developed into an organization of older young people with a tendency to draw strength from the church proper, but in its missionary, temperance, civic and other activities it has been a means of breaking down denominational lines.

Nineteen hundred and eight saw the most systematic and intensive attempt to weld together the orthodox churches into the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Thirty denominations have officially related themselves and are trying to form a great catholic orthodox church, and the movement will perhaps work its own destruction for something better.

In 1860 a young minister, a gentle, sweet and noble man, who had traveled the road of this study course, was preaching in the Unitarian Church in Dover, N. H., Francis E. Abbott. He plead for universal religion, teaching that there is something higher and larger in the religious life than even loyalty to the Man of Nazareth. This was very bad heresy at that time. The Society said he was perverting the funds, that they were organized as a Christian Church. The case was carried into court, the most learned legal ability summoned on each side, and it decided that the Unitarian Church was a democratic organization and could control itself; if the majority ruled Abbott could not be ousted. However, having won the decision Abbott resigned, went to Toledo and started the publication of the *Index,* in which Emerson, Higginson and others were interested. Fifty years ago, in 1867, a meeting was called by O. B. Frothingham in Boston and the Free Religious Association was formed, which on the 24th and 25th of May last

held its Half Century Anniversary. The presidents have been O. B. Frothingham, Felix Adler, William J. Potter, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Lewis G. Janes, Edwin D. Mead, Charles W. Wendte, and now John Haynes Holmes.

In 1893 was held the Parliament of Religions, a world wide attempt to demonstrate the universality of religion. Mr. C. C. Bonney, a Swedenborgian lawyer on the Board of the Columbian Exposition, sought to organize the intangible products of civilization and was instrumental in arranging a marvelous series of conventions, conferences and councils. Teachers, engineers, sociologists, astronomers used the two halls of the building erected for the purpose in connection with the Art Institute. Mr. Bonney appointed a general committee on religious conferences, consisting of representatives of about eighteen of the denominations of the city. Some of the names on that committee were the Rt. Rev. C. E. Cheney, Dr. Hirsch, Dr. Frank Bristol, Dr. Lawrence, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Dr. Noble, Rev. David Swing, Archbishop Ireland, and others, and they organized in an attempt to bring the religious output of the world down to date. At first the committee floundered, but the work resulted in both halls being crowded three times a day for seventeen days and proved probably the biggest thing in the way of organized religion the world has yet seen. It was an unorthodox effort to get outside of church limitations to find religion.

In that same year plans were made for the Congress of Religion, which was a child of the Parliament, by E. P. Powell, Dr. Thomas, Dr. Crane of New York, Dr. Hirsch and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The first meeting was held in 1894 and for several years it had a successful career, but the Jewish constituency withdrew and it then suspended.

In 1908 the first meeting was held of the National Federation of Religious Liberals, which is now realizing a broad outward fellowship illustrated in the conference held last March, when the meetings were held in Lutheran, Unitarian and Episcopal churches.

Something has been and is being realized of the dream and object of this course. The development of the race has come to a demand for a new harmony, not based on harmony of creed but unity of purpose. The so-called Liberal people have just as far to go as the orthodox. A dogmatic liberality is a greater offense to the Amighty than a narrow orthodoxy.

There is one other tool of universality, if not in religion at least in internationalism. The Red Cross grew out of the Geneva Convention originating in 1864, which was a series of meetings looking towards the amelioration of the horrors of war and an effort to obliterate the hatreds involved by war. It is dispointing to find that the two Powers that at first declined to enter into the Genevan pact were the United States and Great Britain, but to the glory of women Clara Barton was instrumental in bringing in the United States. There is something heart-breaking and disappointing that this tool of internationalism is being used as a war instrumentality. It is now being used as a rallying cry to women to do their "bit" to urge men to go to be torn into shreds by encouraging them with the thought that the Red Cross will be there with the bandages.

QUESTIONS.

What were the causes leading to the organization of the following bodies:

(a) Y. M. C. A.
(b) W. C. T. U.
(c) The Christian Endeavor Society.
(d) Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.
(e) National Federation of Religious Liberals.
(f) The Red Cross.

THE PRICE.

YESTERDAY:

One hanging high, bound fast to cross of pain,
Breathed blessing on the angry crowd and cried
"Forgive, they know not what they do!" and died
To draw a world within his tender reign.
One after one the prophet souls have birth,
Hold high their flaming torch, speak daring word,
Perish by torturing hate or cruel sword,
To win at last the altar-shrines of earth.
Oh, glorious company! These make it clear
What all mankind must be—august, devine.
But on what sodden crowd their faces shine,
How long before the few their message hear!
What miracle shall make the sullen, weak,
More quick to answer when the prophets speak?

TODAY:

A million crosses on a thousand fields,
Hiding unnumbered dead 'neath blasted soil;
The gifted youth—the simple man of toil—
Such as each generation's harvest yields.
These, slain by those who did not wish to slay;
These few, who knew their homes must be kept free;
These more, who died for Kings they could not see;
These most, blind spoilers of Life's hoard, each day,
In lands they had not meant to rob;—these Dead;—
Shall their most bitter cross no blessing bring?
Shall their black winter know no blooming spring
To presage harvests from their famine fed?
Forbid it, Justice, that from tyrant's power
Hath, age on age, wrung Freedom's richer dower!

TOMORROW:

Oh, can it be that time has come at last
For thrones to topple and for Kings to go?
For Greed to loose its hold; for Power to flow
Supreme through humblest ways; for learning fast
That in the "fabric of the world," not fair
And gilded broidery of its famed and great,
Is Sovereignty devine? That not the rare
And mighty few, but warp and woof strange Fate
Weaves into destiny sublime for all the race
Is utmost promise of the Good; to last
When pride of wealth and dazzling lie of caste,
And even lonely prophet's gift of grace,
Shall show but pictured hint of Common Life
Shot through with splendor, born of Love and Strife?

MEANWHILE:

Meanwhile, on earth, Spring's flower-waking feet
Find not a place to rest; and sky and sea
Are desecrate by monsters grim that flee
And dive with Death; and chaos, only meet
For devil's realm, destroys the garnered gain
Of ages long. Justice, is this thy plan,
To claim such price for this new gift to man,
This gift of Common Life, cleansed free of stain
Of slavery and fear? Oh, Wisdom, teach
Thy Comrad thriftier ways! Behold the Price
Is paid, long since, by prophets brave; paid thrice
By these new dead whom praises cannot reach.
Call Love to heal hate's wounds! Great Wisdom, lead
Mankind by better paths to Freedom's meed!

—*Anna Garlin Spencer.*

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THE FIELD

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TOWER HILL EN TOUR

This summer those in Portage who most love the delights of the Tower Hill. could not, for various reasons, reach that most enjoyable of summer abodes, and, being more favored than Mahomet, they succeeded in persuading the Hill to come to Portage—or at least the Master and Mistress of the Hill, and some of the residents. And then, with really heroic unselfishness, they loaned them for part of the time to the rest of the village.

Saturday evening was spent with callers—"pastoral visits," perhaps! On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Jones gave to a number of friends one of the poetry readings which have found such warm welcome in Chicago and which met with no less eager response from his Portage hearers. Gibson and Yeates, Vachell Lindsay and Percy Mackaye, Elizabeth Cheyne, Arthur Guiterman, Lance Corporal Lee, and many others, favorites old and new, interpreted, as it always seems, better than ever before, delighted us all for a full two hours, and still there were requests for this and that favorite, for "just one more."

Before the first poem was half read, the young Superintendent of Schools had asked his next neighbor if there would be any possible way of persuading Mr. Jones to speak or read to the High School pupils the next day. Later, this was arranged for, and one hundred fifty High School students are now privileged to remember as the first world-spirit to speak to them in their beautiful new building, the man whose message and personality remain to-day among the inspiring memories of perhaps more students and graduates of schools and colleges than those of any one now living.

To them he brought briefly and forcibly the meaning of true culture, its value, not in the wearing of fine clothes or the obtaining of a better "job," but in a keener appreciation and a deeper knowledge of the beauty of the universe and the meaning of life, and in added ability for service to humanity. In telling simile, he likened the "plus" which real culture brings to life and character, to the values added to the crude iron by its various refinings until it becomes at least fit for the hair spring of the watch.

The talk ended all too soon, despite the Superintendent's bestowal of the whole forenoon, with the reading of four poems which served to indicate the "plus" of beauty, of real culture, and of human values to be found even amid the horrors of war: Kipling's "Banjo," Lance Corporal Lee's "Jimmy Morgan and his old Mouth-Organ," Service's "The Whistle of Sandy McGraw," followed by Lindsay's beautiful plea, "The Spirit of Lincoln Walks at Midnight."

It is to be feared that both teachers and pupils felt keenly envious of the Chicago schools which are daily within reach of this kindly leader of souls who can bring to them in ways peculiarly fitted to their understanding, the incalculable beauties of literature and art, of poetry and of life. But Portage was duly grateful for one more of these friendly visitations, the fourth in recent years, and hopes for still others in the days to come. A PORTAGEITE.

The spectacle of millions of modern Christians fleeing from the Mount of Olives to surrender themselves to the task of hating their enemies and making bloody war upon those that despitefully use them makes one wonder to what extent the precepts of Jesus were ever genuinely accepted. With whatever affection they may have been regarded by those who looked to the Nazarene for immunity from a deserved fate, they have evidently never been regarded as binding. The cause of the incongruity is found in the fact that the precepts have shared the same treatment as the preacher in being idealized to inaccessible heights, so that the authority and effect of both have been nullified in time of need. The Sermon on the Mount can never mean anything until it is recognized to be the message of man to men. C.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

Annual Statement of the Commonwealth Casualty Company of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the 31st day of December, 1916, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$152,215.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$188,298.79
Policy fees required or represented by application	14,013.00
Interest, rents and dividends	7,567.79
From other sources	3,611.12
Total income	$213,490.70

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 57,727.13
Investigation and adjustment of claims	931.15
Policy fees retained by agents	13,998.50
Commission or brokerage	50,467.08
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes	27,217.50
Rents	3,058.17
All other taxes, licenses and insurance department fees	5,239.78
Legal expenses, advertising, printing and stationery	3,699.66
Postage, telegraph, telephone, express, furniture and fixtures	2,495.59
Stockholders for interest or dividends (inclusive 50 M stock dividend)	61,000.00
All other disbursements	31,983.81
Total disbursements	$257,818.37

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	$179,590.62
Cash on hand and in bank	21,029.84
Premiums in course of collection	3,934 87
Other ledger assets	7,475.88
Total ledger assets	$212,031.21

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	$ 1,495.00
Gross assets	$213,526.21

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Agents' balances	$ 524.74	
Furniture, fixtures, supplies, printed matter and stationery	4,000.00	
Book value of real estate, bonds and stocks over market value	6,990.62	
Other unadmitted assets	233.33	
		11,748.69
Total admitted assets		$201,777.52

LIABILITIES.

Net amount of unpaid losses	$ 1,900.22
Expense of investigation and adjustment of unpaid claims	150.00
Total unearned premiums	16,062.82
Commission and brokerage	786.97
Salaries, rents, bills, etc	1,543.37
State, county and municipal taxes	3,500.00
Other liabilities	1,945.27
Total liabilities excluding capital	$25,888.65

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total premiums received during the year	$ 1,284.65
Total losses paid during the year.	244.54

I. N. STEVENS, President.
E. S. COOK, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this ..... day of ....., 191...

.....
Notary Public.

[SEAL] .....
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